



# EDITORIAL SECTION



SCIENCE. LITERATURE.

## Christ is King!

By Rev. Dr. Charles M. Sheldon, author of "In His Steps"

**A**WAKE, put on your armor, disciples of the Lord,  
Salvation for your helmet, the spirit for your sword.  
Shod with the peace that hastens the Gospel to proclaim,  
March on with Christ your leader, and conquer in His name.

**I**N all the mighty conflict faint not nor be dismayed,  
For Christ is fighting with us, all heaven with us arrayed;  
Then rouse ye, Christian soldiers, the right shall win the day;  
Our Captain bids us follow, and watch and fight and pray.

**V**ICTORIOUS God of battles, we thank Thee for the might  
Which arms the feeblest holder who struggles for the right.  
O! may Thy church in triumph her hymns of power sing  
Till all her foes are conquered and only Christ is King.

## A Christmas Sermon

## By Archbishop Martinelli, Apostolic Delegate to the United States.

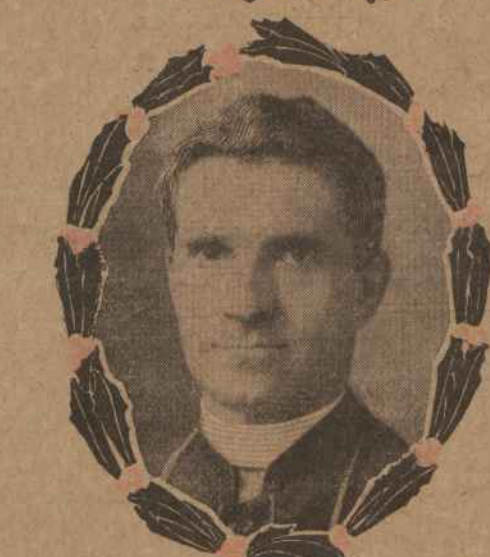
**I**T would be impossible to express in brief form all that the feast of the Nativity of Jesus means to the Catholic Church. To her it is the celebration of the birth of the Redeemer of the whole human race and of her own divine founder. It is full of the most beautiful and pregnant lessons, and she tries to impress them on her children. Because of its richness she really begins her celebration of its solemnity four weeks before its arrival, since the whole of advent is nothing but a preparation for the feast of Christmas. To look at only a little part of her teaching, we can find in the liturgy itself of Christmas Day a treasure house of Christian doctrine.

On that day the priests of the Church are permitted to celebrate three masses instead of the one which they may celebrate on every other day of the year. In these three masses a whole course of Christian theology is contained. In the first is commemorated the temporal birth of our

Blessed Lord, the gospel of the mass being taken from St. Luke where he narrates the coming of Christ into the world at Bethlehem, stirring the hearts of men by the vivid picturing of the sweet, humble nativity of the King of Heaven.

In the second, the gospel is again taken from St. Luke and tells of the spiritual birth of Christ in the hearts of men represented in the shepherds to whom the coming of Christ was announced by the angels and who received the message in faith and humility and hastened to adore the new-born Redeemer.

In the third is celebrated the eternal birth of the Son of God, the second person of the ever-blessed Trinity; the ineffable Word of God, the gospel being taken from that sublime beginning of the Gospel of St. John: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God"—that stupendous exordium which has caused the Evangelist to be figured as an eagle, since its intellectual flight is best represented by the flight of the king of birds, which soars higher and into a clearer and rarer



atmosphere than any of his fellows ever reach. Could anything be more sublimely beautiful.

more divinely Christian, than the doctrine thus preached by the liturgy of the Church on this day?

Then, too, through all of the liturgy of this holy time runs the teaching that the Incarnation of the Word of God presupposes the fall of man from a state of supernatural grace and intends the redemption of men from the condition of sin and servitude to which they had sunk and their restoration to the place in God's loving economy from which they had fallen. To accomplish this the most wonderful act of the divinity was employed.

Man had been created "to the image and likeness of God," not only so far as his natural gifts were concerned, but especially in that he was placed at once in a supernatural state of exceptional grace. From this state he had fallen by sin. God's love longed to see him once more truly like to Himself, for he had been brought to sin by the false promise that he should be still more like to God if he would but eat of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. How

then was man to be once more made "like unto God?" Only the infinite intelligence and infinite love of an infinite God could have divined the way.

In a person absolutely one and divine both natures, the human and the divine, should be united. Then indeed, and more truly than in the beginning, would man be made "to Our image and likeness." To effect this, the Son of God, the Word of the divinity, came forward and offered to take on himself and on to his divine eternal personality poor weak human nature. The result was Christ, one only divine personality uniting in Himself both natures, divine and human. What a wonderful and what a perfect and efficacious redemption! Man was indeed once more made "to Our image and likeness."

For this reason we proclaim daily with the Apostle that "there is given to man no other name under heaven whereby he may be saved." In the name and in the person of Christ Jesus alone is salvation for all mankind.

## A Christian Parable

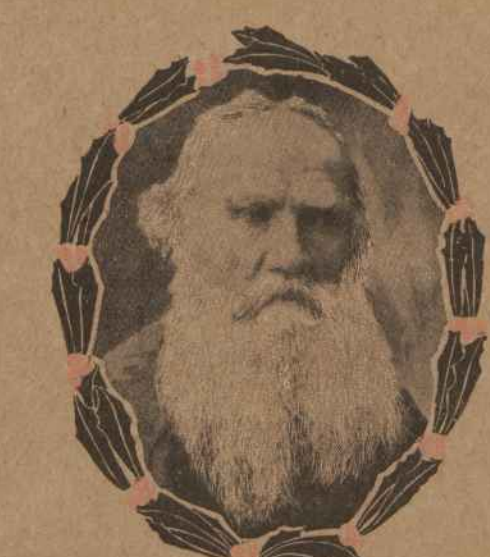
## By Count Leo Tolstoi

**C**OUNTLESS weeds had spread over a beautiful meadow. And in order to get rid of them the tenants of the meadow mowed them, but the weeds only increased in consequence. And now the kind, wise master came to visit the tenants of the meadow, and among the other good counsels which he gave them he told them they ought not to mow the weeds, since that only made them grow the more luxuriantly, but that they must pull them up by the roots.

But either because the tenants of the meadow did not, among the other prescriptions of the good master, take heed of his advice not to mow down the weeds, but to pull them up, or because they did not understand him, or because, according to their calculations, it seemed foolish to obey, the result was that his advice not to mow the weeds but to pull them up was not followed, just as if he had never proffered it, and the men went on mowing the weeds and spreading them.

And now, as time went on, it occurred to one man who saw the wretched condition into which the meadow had fallen, and who found among the master's forgotten prescriptions the rule not to mow the weeds, but to pull them up by the roots—it occurred to the man, I say, to remind the tenants of the meadow that they were acting foolishly, and that their folly had long ago been pointed out by the kind, wise master.

But what do you think? Instead of putting credence in the correctness of this man's recollections, and in case they proved to be reliable ceasing to mow the weeds, and in case he were mistaken proving to him the incorrectness of his recollections, or stigmatizing the good, wise master's recommendations as impracticable and not obligatory upon them, the tenants of the meadow did nothing of the sort, but they took exception to this man's recollections and began to abuse him. Some called him a conceited fool who imagined that he was the only one to understand the master's regulations; others called him a malicious, false interpreter and slanderer; still others, forgetting that he was not giving them



his own opinions, but was only reminding them of the prescriptions of the wise master whom

they all revered, called him a dangerous man because he wished to pull up the weeds and deprive them of their meadow. "He says we ought not to mow the meadow," said they, purposely suppressing the fact that the man did not say that it was not necessary to destroy the weeds, but said that they should pull them up by the roots instead of mowing them, "but if we do not destroy the weeds, then they will spread and wholly ruin our meadow."

The same thing took place in my own case when I pointed out the injunction of the evangelical teaching about the non-resistance of evil by violence. This rule was laid down by Christ and after Him in all times by all His true disciples. But either because they did not notice this rule, or because they did not understand it, or because its fulfillment seemed to them too difficult, as time went the more completely this rule was forgotten, the further the manner of men's lives departed from this rule; and finally it came to the pass to which it has now come, that this rule has already begun to seem to people something new, strange, unheard-of, and even foolish.

As the tenants of the meadow purposely shut their eyes to the fact that the counsel was not to give up destroying the weeds, but to destroy them by a different method, and said, "We will not listen to this man; he is a fool; he forbids us to mow down the weeds and tells us to pull them up"—so in reply to my reminder that according to Christ's teaching in order to annihilate evil we must not employ violence against it, but must destroy it from the root with love, men said: "We will not listen to him; he is a fool; he advises not to oppose evil to evil so that evil may overwhelm us."

And I was misunderstood as saying that Christ taught that we must not resist evil. And all those whose lives were based on violence, and to whom in consequence violence was dear, were glad to take such a misconstruction of my words, and at the same time of Christ's words, and it was avowed that the teaching of non-resistance of evil was incredible, stupid, godless and dangerous. And men calmly continue under the guise of destroying evil to make it more widely spread.

## The Greatest Immortal

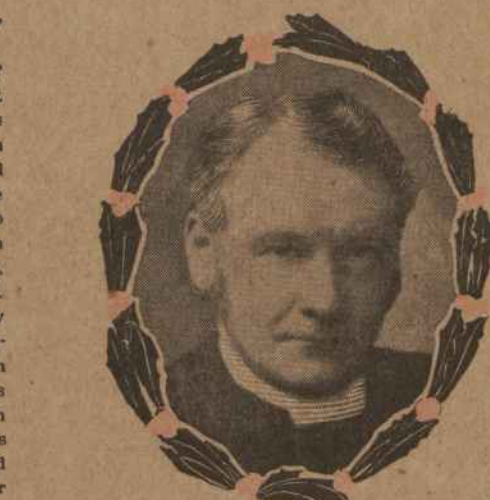
## By Ian Maclaren

**T**HERE are a few among the countless millions of the race who have defied the law of oblivion; whose leaf has not faded, and whose names cannot be forgotten. Their achievements rise like Alps above the plain of human labor; their services remain the permanent heritage of the race.

One Man has immortality of the first order, who does not live in books or works, but has His eternal home in the heart of His disciples. It was fitting that a monument in stone should be raised to Columbus to remind his fellow-countrymen of his genius, his perseverance, his courage, his triumph, but no one as yet has been capable of proposing a statue to Jesus Christ. It were an impossible stupidity, it were an actual blasphemy. And why? Because He is not distant, but present, more real than those we see and touch, to whom an innumerable multitude bow their souls morning and evening every day. Without Jesus risen from the dead and stainless in His perfection some would hardly care to live; and for Jesus, who left this world almost nineteen centuries ago, more men and women

would die than for any other cause on earth, and they would be the best blood of the race.

What circumstances lent their help to this Man? What part did He take in face of the world? What means did He use to win this authority? Three years or less was the measure of Jesus' public career from the day the Baptist declared Him the Lamb of God spoken of by ancient prophecy to the day when He was offered on the Cross, as the Passover according to the prophets. He was born of a nation which had been scattered and peeled—without a king, without liberty, without a voice; a nation suspected, discredited, hated. The son of a peasant mother, He was a carpenter by trade, and a poor man all His days; as soon as He became known to His people He was persecuted, and in the end condemned to death as a blasphemer. His own family was divided over Him—His mother, with some fears and doubts, clinging to Him, his brothers refusing to believe in Him. A Roman judge condemned Him, but not before his own wife had interceded for Him; if Roman soldiers nailed Him to the Cross, a Roman officer bore witness to His righteousness; and if the thief crucified on one side insulted Jesus, the thief on the other side believed in Him. None could



be neutral, none could disregard Him; there was a division of the people concerning Jesus.

This controversy would doubtless be laid to rest by His death, and only fill a footnote in the history of the Jewish people—Jesus of Nazareth, a local agitator and heretic, crucified under Pontius Pilate, about 33. Nothing could be more unlikely than that this commotion in a petty province should affect pagan society, and a Galilean prophet arouse the Roman Empire. The attitude of Rome to all religions was consistent and characteristic—a policy of cynical contempt and worldly opportunism. As it happened, however, the faith of Jesus was so virile and assured, so insistent and aggressive, that it came as a living torch into society, and set every man on fire as friend or foe.

Once this man had established Himself in history He became a permanent factor—a disturbing force never to be evaded, ever to be reckoned with. The great movement of the Middle Ages was the Crusades, and there the chivalry of the West flung itself on the East, for the most romantic end—to recover the tomb of Jesus from the Saracens. The Reformation opened the modern age, and while many causes fed its strength, the deepest was the relation of the human soul to Jesus. No wars have been so fierce or relentless as the wars of religion, which have drenched so

many lands in blood, and without Jesus of Nazareth they had never been known. As He moves down the paths of the West, kings and peoples seize their swords; Jesus confounds politics and commerce; He lights the fires of persecution and fierce debate; He makes inquisitors and martyrs; no ruler could make a plan without counting in Jesus; no treaty could stand unless it had Jesus' name; no peace could last a month unless it had His blessing.

It may seem that in our century we have thrown off this dominion of Jesus and are able to forget Him, but it is only an affectation of indifference. Never were there so many lives of Jesus written; never so much attention given to His actual words; never such anxiety to send forth His Gospel. Were a parchment discovered in an Egyptian mound six inches square containing fifty words which were certainly spoken by Jesus, this utterance would count more than all the books which had been published since the first century. If a veritable picture of the Lord could be unearthed from a catacomb, and the world could see with its own eyes what like He was, it would not matter that its colors were faded and that it was roughly drawn; that picture would have at once a solitary place amid the treasures of art.